

# THE LITERARY MIRROR.

VOL. 1.]

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 11, 1809.

[No. 52.]

Sweet flowers and fruits from fair Parnassus' mount,  
And varied knowledge from rich Science' fount,  
We hither bring.

## THE AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

THERE resided in Bourdeaux a young, rich, and handsome widow, who had for six months incessantly lamented the loss of a husband tenderly beloved. A fatal storm had wrecked the vessel in which he had embarked, and every soul on board was supposed to have perished. The young widow, though surrounded by admirers, observed scrupulously the rules of decorum; at length, however, the persuasions of her friends had effect, and she once more threw open her doors to receive company. Madame St. Amere had one foible, she loved play to excess—and this foible alone threatened to involve her in much subsequent calamity. On the evening of her first seté, a tall graceful figure, masked, followed her, and paid her innumerable silent attentions; to rid herself of his importunities, she sat down at the card table, and was successful for about an hour. The mask, who had fixed himself behind her chair, then solicited the honour of playing with her, which she granted; and renewed the game with fresh spirit, though not with equal good fortune. Madame was piqued at the superior skill of the impertinent mask, and staked to an immense amount; still the stranger was triumphant, and pulling from his pocket a large purse of gold, tauntingly dared her to risk the like amount. Although absolute ruin might have been the consequence of her imprudence, Madame would not recede, but anxiety and vexation marked her features; for some time the game was doubtful; at length the malignant deity decided against her, and the rash widow found her fortune destroyed by one night's folly. Her anguish could not be concealed; she rose abruptly from the card table; when

the mask, in an insinuating tone of voice, hinted to her that she need not put herself to any inconvenience to make up this debt of *honour*, as he could wait her leisure, or compromise it *some other way*, with more pleasure to himself, and less embarrassment to her. She darted on him a look of rage and contempt—Who art thou, wretch she exclaimed, who darest thus to insult me in my own house?—Softly, madame, replied the mask, I am no gambler, nor needy adventurer—there are ladies who would not be ungrateful for such an accommodation. Madame burst into tears—Good heavens, must I endure this insolence!—quit my house, Sir; and if you are a gentleman, make good your claim to-morrow.—No, madame, I will not quit this house to-night—my claim is on your fortune, or on yourself—and I will make it good, let who will dispute it. With these words, he removed his mask, when madame uttered a shriek of joyful surprise, and fainted in his arms. The company crowded round; they were chiefly relations, who immediately recognized the Chevalier St. Amere. The raptures of Madame may be easily imagined, when, on recovering, her husband informed her that he had been saved from the wreck by a brave sailor, who had taken him into his own ship, which was bound to Peru—that he remained there till a convenient opportunity offered for his return—and having been fortunate enough to amass a considerable portion of wealth, had meditated this agreeable surprise, in hope of curing her of a destructive habit, the consequences of which he had long dreaded. Madame embraced him with transport, and assured him she would never again yield to temptations, or continue a practice of which she now saw the madness in glaring colours.—Having received the congratulations of their friends, the amusements of the evening, which had been so strangely interrupted, were again renewed; and the adventure was for many months the talk throughout Bourdeaux.

## A SINGULAR INSTANCE OF

*English Fortitude.*

IN the year 1709 when our forces were in Spain, Alicante a place of great importance to our ally King Charles, was besieged by an army of 12,000 men. As this city and castle had been taken by the remarkable valour of British seamen; so the siege of it afterwards, when the English defended it, was one of the most remarkable actions in this age: The following is a succinct account of the whole affair, from the time the place was invested, to its surrender.

Alicante is a city and port, commanded by a strong castle, standing on a rock, at a small distance from the sea, and about 68 miles south from the capital city of Valencia. There was in it a good garrison, under the command of Major General Richards; which made an obstinate defence against a very numerous army of the enemy, with a very large train of heavy artillery, and excellently supplied ammunition. At last, the city being absolutely untenable, the garrison resolved to retire into the castle, which had hitherto been esteemed impregnable. They sunk three cisterns in the solid rock, and then, with incredible labour, filled them with water. The troops that retired into it, were Sir Charles Hotham's regiment, and that of Colonel Sibourg, generally called the French regiment, because it was composed of refugees. After some progress made in the second siege, the French saw it impossible to do any great matter in the usual way, and therefore contrary to all expectation, resolved upon a work, excessively laborious, and in all outward appearance, impracticable; which was that of mining through the solid rock, in order to blow up the castle and its garrison into the air together. At first Major-General Richards, and all the officers in the place, looked upon the enemy's scheme as a thing impossible to be accomplished, and were secretly well pleased with their undertaking, in



hopes it would give them time for our fleet to come to their relief; yet, this did not hinder them from doing all that lay in their power, to incommode the workmen, and at last, to countermine them.

The besiegers, however, wrought so incessantly, and brought such numbers of peasants to assist them in their labours, that they having, in about twelve weeks time, finished the works for this service, and then with 1500 barrels of powder and other materials of destruction, summoned the castle to surrender, March 2d, most solemnly assuring a safe and honourable convey to Barcelona, with bag and baggage for every person in it, if they submitted within three days, and prevented the ruin of the castle; but threatened otherwise, no mercy should be shewn, if any might accidentally escape the blow. To demonstrate the reality of their design, they desired the garrison might depute three or more engineers, with other gentlemen of competent skill, to view their works, and make a faithful report of what they saw. Accordingly, two field-officers went to the mine, and were allowed the liberty of making what scrutiny they pleased: Upon which, they told the governors, that if their judgment failed them not, the explosion would carry up the whole castle to the easternmost battery unless it took vent in their own countermine, or vein; but, at least, they conceived it would carry away the sea battery, the lodging rooms in the castle close, some of the chambers cut for soldiers barracks, and they very much feared, might affect the great cistern.

A grand council of war was called upon this; the French message delivered, and the engineers made their report; the besieged acknowledged their want of water; but believing the fleet might be sensible of their distress, and consequently under some concern for their relief, their unanimous resolution was, to commit themselves to the providence of God and whatever fate attended them, to stand the springing of the mine. The French general, and Spanish officers, expressed the utmost concern at this answer, and the second night of the three allowed, sent to divert them from what they called, and it is very likely thought, inexcusable obstinacy, offering the same honourable articles as before, even upon that late compliance; but these still were rejected by the besieged. The fatal third night approaching, and no fleet seen, the French sent their last summons, and withal, an assurance, that their mine was primed, and should be sprung by six o'clock the next morning; and though, as they saw, all hope and prospect of relief in vain, yet there was room for safety still, and the terms already proposed, was in their power to accept. The besieged persisted in their adherence to the result of their first council, and the French met their usual answer again; therefore, as a prologue to their intended tragedy, they ordered all the inhabitants of that quarter, to withdraw from their houses before five o'clock the ensuing morning. The besieged, in the mean time, kept a general guard, devoting themselves to their meditations. The Major-General, Colonel Sibourg, and Lieutenant Colonel Thornicroft, of Sir Charles Hotham's regiment, sat together in the governor's usual lodging room; other officers cantoned themselves as their tempers inclined them, to pass the melancholy night.

At length day appearing, the Governor was informed that the inhabitants were flying in crowds

to the westernmost part of the town, the Governor, attended by the above-mentioned gentlemen, and about five or six other officers, went to the west battery, to inform himself better. After he had remained there about a quarter of an hour, Lieutenant-Colonel Thornicroft desired him to remove, as being unable to do any service there; he and Colonel Sibourg answered that no danger was to be apprehended there, more than in any other place; that there they would wait the event. The Lieutenant-Colonel remained, because his superiors did, and other officers imitated the same example; but the hour of five being now considerably past, the corporal's guard cried out, that the train was fired, observing some smoke from the lighted matches, and other combustible matter near it, from whence the same ascended to the centinels above. The Governor and the field officers were then urged to retreat, but refused.

The mine at last blew up; the rock opened and shut; the whole mountain felt the convulsion; the Governor and field officers, with their company, ten guns, and two mortars, were buried in the abyss; the walls of the castle shook, part of the great cistern fell, another cistern almost closed, and the rock shut a man to his neck in its cliff, who lived many hours in that afflicting posture. About thirty-six centinels and women were swallowed in different quarters, whose dying groans were heard, some of them after the fourth mournful day. Many houses of the town were overwhelmed in their ruins, and the castle suffered much; but that it wears any form at all was owing to the vent which the explosion forced through the veins of the rocks, and the counter-mine. After the loss of the chief officers, the government fell of course to Lieutenant Colonel D'Albon, of Sibourg's regiment, who drew out a detachment from the whole garrison, and with it made a desperate sally, to shew how little he was moved at their thunder. The bombs from the castle played on the town more violently, and the shot galled every corner of their streets; which marks of their resentment they continued till the arrival of our fleet, which they had expected so long.

The Spanish and French historians speak on this action with all imaginable regard to the gallant defence made by the besieged. The Spanish army was then commanded by the Chevalier D'Asfeldt, who was in the French service, and looked upon as the very best officer they ever sent to King Phillip. He was an excellent engineer, saw at once what to be done, and having formed his plan, pursued it steadily, and accomplished it generally. Under him commanded Don Pedro Ronquillo, a Spanish general of distinguished merit. D'Asfeldt contrived and directed the mine, Ronquillo raised and defended the entrenchments between the castle and the sea.—Both punctually performed their parts, though both were difficult. D'Asfeldt was very strict and austere; the Spaniards, even of his own party, thought him cruel; yet, upon this occasion he not only shewed himself generous, but humane. He used every argument possible to persuade Major-General Richards to spare himself and his brave garrison, and deplored their loss with tenderness and affection. The Spaniards magnified their heroic conduct and called the ruined castle the monument of English courage.

### A FORTUNATE JOKE.

Dr. Flamstead was many years Astronomer Royal at Greenwich Observatory; a humorist, and of warm passions: persons of his profession are often supposed, by the vulgar people, to be capable of foretelling events. To this persuasion, a poor washer-woman at Greenwich, who had been robbed one night, of a large parcel of linen, to her almost ruin, if forced to pay for it, came to him, and with great anxiety earnestly requested him to use his art, to let her know where her things were, and who robbed her: the Doctor happened to be in the humour to joke, he bid her stay, he would see what he could do, perhaps he might let her know where she might find them; but who the persons were he would not undertake to say, as she could not have any positive proof to convict them, it would be needless. He then set about drawing circles, squares, &c. to amuse her, and after some time told her, if she would go into a particular field, that in such a part of it, in a dry ditch she would find them all bundled up in a sheet: the woman went and came back with great haste and joy to thank the Doctor, and offer him half a crown, as a token of gratitude, being as much as she could afford. The Doctor, surprized himself, told her, "Good woman, I am heartily glad you have found your things, but I assure you I knew nothing of them, and only intended to joke you, and then, to have read you a lecture on the folly of applying to any person to know events, not in the human power to tell; but I see the devil has a mind I should deal with him—I am determined I will not, so never come, or send any body to me, any more on such occasions, for I never will attempt such another affair again whilst I live."

This story Dr. Flamstead told the Rev. and learned Mr. Whiston, his intimate friend.

### SHAKESPEARE.

The readers of Shakespeare do delight in his writings, and their admiration and delight increase in proportion as they study them. His mind was an entire globe of light, which, like the glorious orb of day, illumined the world by unborrowed rays. Truly has Dryden declared, that Shakespeare needed not the spectacle of books to read nature. He looked inwards, and he found her there. There is not a passion nor an emotion, honourable or base...there is not a wish nor a sigh of the heart, which you will not find in his writings, most correctly delineated and most clearly displayed, not only in their general current, but in their particular turnings and windings—not only in their simple, uniform operations, but in their effects when combined and complicated. The truth of his investigations on man, in his relation with society, is so clear and so evident, that it would "glimmer through a blind man's eyes." They cannot be read without being realized, for they are clothed with circumstances, and embodied by fact and experience.

### ON RELIGION.

There are great occasions which force the mind to take refuge in Religion. When we have no help in ourselves, what can remain but that we look up to a higher and a greater power? And to what height of hope may we not raise our minds, when we consider that the greatest power is the best.



## Original Poetry.

FOR THE LITERARY MIRROR.

*From Julia in the country to her Lover  
in town.*

WHERE art thou—O thou much lov'd youth?  
Hast thou become a faithless rover?  
Forgot the vows of love and truth?  
Forgot thy drooping heart-sick lover?

Perhaps some city fair one's charms,  
Have led thy thoughts astray from duty;  
Perhaps, e'en now, thy circling arms,  
Are folded round some city beauty.

Though she may dress more gay than I,  
And hope with sprightlier airs to move thee,  
She does not breathe so true a sigh,  
She does not half so dearly love thee.

If thou wert plung'd in deep distress,  
Would she a guardian Angel, hover  
Around the couch of pain, to bless  
And soothe to peace her suffering lover?

Ah! no—But sickness, pain, or grief,  
Could tear thee from my bosom never;  
In suffering thou should'st find relief,  
And be as dear to me as ever.

Should gloomy cares disturb thy breast,  
I'd sing of peace till thou should'st lose them,  
And lull thy aching head to rest,  
Upon thy faithful Julia's bosom.

Then leave the belles, as false, as fair,  
Nor let their arts to passion move thee;  
But fly to her, whose only care,  
Shall be to cheer, to bless and love.

## THE COUNTRY LASS.

## A Fragment.

—THE sky was clear, the sun had passed its meridian, the fields were verdant, the flocks bleated in the valley, and Nature's livery wore a pleasing smile. Could a country lass, educated in the bosom of Nature, and an admirer of its charms, withstand the temptation for rambling, at this delightful season, and on so charming a day? I roved into the meadows; fancy directed my steps towards the industrious husbandman; contemplation upon the goodness of heaven, in crowning his labours with such full grown crops, and with abundant plenty, to supply his like industrious family with bread, so wholly occupied my mind, that my feet strayed, I knew not whither.

The birds, chanting their notes, and each winged songster caroling the praises of its creator, awoke me from my reverie. I found myself in a wood, where flowers of different hues and fragrance, adorned each hillock, and the banks of a rivulet boasted innumerable charms; in its clear mirror the neighbouring beauties were re-

flected, and over its pure bosom the barge of pleasure skum.

After wandering a little while, I found myself in an open field; the wild spontaneous flowers diversified the path that led to a small, though neat and well cultivated garden; where nature refined, was visible in every part: the meandering rivulet softly stole along between the rose-bush and hawthorn; at a little distance the branches of some trees were entwined together; the honey suckle and bellvine crept over them and afforded a friendly shade. The favorite of Flora adorned the whole of this sequestered spot; a neat little cot arose to view—I entered it without the usual ceremony of knocking, for the doors were open, and seemed to say to the weary traveller, "thou art welcome."

"Why are you immured in this solitude?" said I, to an elegant and lovely female, who offered me a seat.

"To partake of happiness, and to watch a parent's declining years," replied the amiable Fanny—this humble dwelling is the abode of peace and content, though not of splendor." I ran over her features with an exquisite look—a melancholy, which overspread her countenance, rendered it mild and interesting—a lively eye, denoted quick penetration, solid sense, and a good heart—I apologized for my abrupt visit, and begged her to gratify me with a relation of some of the incidents of her life.

"My father, said this charming girl, was an eminent merchant in—; the smiles of fortune attended him for many years, opulence and domestic harmony, rendered us supremely happy; continual losses in trade reduced our fortune to a mere competency. An elder sister, an amiable girl, was cropt like a flower in the bloom of youth; she fell a wretched victim to hopeless love. Unfortunately, she had contracted an attachment to a young man of merit, but such was her extreme delicacy, that she kept the fatal secret till a few moments before her dissolution. It was then too late to restore her life. Only the shade of a beloved daughter, an affectionate sister remained. My mother oppressed by misfortunes, sunk beneath their weight, and six months after, my sister bid a tender husband, and me, an only remaining child, a long adieu. It was then my care to console a father, to watch his feeble age with unremitting attention.

"We left the croud and bustle of the metropolis and sought an asylum, a relief from sorrow, in this village. In the summer, my garden affords me amusement; and in the winter, by a social fire, my aged father will repeat some of the adventures of his youth; or I from some book in our small library, will find amusement for him and myself which enlivens the long evenings."

Who would relinquish this delightful life for the splendid hall, or brilliant circle the metropolis boasts? Here resides innocence and peace; there envy and discord. In strolling into the wood, here each misfortune that embitters the cup of life, is forgotten, and the celestial ray of happiness "streams through this frail mansion of mortality, subliming all our sufferings."

Most of the virtues that adorn the pages of human nature are found in the retired cottage, and its mild influence will ever shake from the troubled heart the heavy dews of sorrow.

Demosthenes stopped one day, in the midst of his discourse, and began to relate this story.— "During the heat of summer, a young man had hired an ass to conduct him from Athens to Megara. At noon the young man, to avoid the ardour of the sun, wished to lie down under the shade of the ass; but the owner disputed his right, alledging that he had loaned the ass, and not his shadow. The young man, on the contrary, said, that in loaning the ass, he had also loaned the shadow." Demosthenes here finished his tale, and descended from the rostrum; but the people detained him and demanded with earnestness how the dispute was terminated. "What!" said he, "you hear with avidity frivolous tales, proper to amuse children, and will not listen to me when I speak to you of your own, and your country's interest."

## A DYING FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

Sir William Penn who was an admiral of the British navy during the protectorate of Cromwell, and in the reign of Charles II. gave the following as his dying advice to his son, William Penn, the celebrated founder of Pennsylvania.

"Three things (said the dying admiral) I recommend to you.

1. "Let nothing tempt you to wrong conscience: If you keep peace at home, it will be a feast to you in a day of trouble.

2. "Whatever you design to do, lay it justly and time it seasonably; for that gives security and dispatch.

3. "Be not troubled at disappointments: if they may be recovered, do it; if not, trouble is in vain.

"These rules will carry you with firmness and comfort through this inconstant world."

## THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

When Lee was manager at Edinburgh, he was determined to improve upon thunder, and so having procured a parcel of nine pound shot, they were put into a wheelbarrow, to which he affixed an octagon wheel. This done, ridges were placed at the back of the stage, and one of the carpenters was ordered to trundle this wheelbarrow, so filled, backward and forward over these ridges. The play was Lear, and really in the two first efforts the thunder had a good effect.— At length, as the king was braving the pelting of the pitiless storm, the thunderer's foot slipped, and down he came, wheel-barrow and all. The stage being on a declivity, the balls made their way toward the orchestra, and meeting with but a feeble resistance from the scene, laid it flat upon its face. This storm was more difficult for Lear to stem than the one he had before complained of. The balls taking every direction, he was obliged to skip about to avoid them, like a man who dances the egg hornpipe. The fiddlers in alarm for their cat-gut, hurried out of the orchestra; and to crown this scene of glorious confusion, the sprawling thunderer lay prostrate in sight of the audience.

## NOTICE.

THE PATRONS of the MIRROR will take notice, that this Paper completes a year since it was first established. Its publication will be discontinued for the present.— Should it be recommended, it will be much enlarged, and bear the name of "The Mirror of the World, and contain independent of other matter, politics and news."



## Original Poetry.

SLOWLY emerging from the dismal gloom,  
Lo, gleams of day, Britannia's Isle illumine !  
From dire disgrace, indignantly she wakes,  
The bands that bound her into shivers breaks,  
Denies the Pontiff's universal reign,  
And claims her independency again.  
No sooner freed, than perish'd ev'ry hope,  
For lo, the King himself becomes a Pope !  
Reigns o'er the church cloth'd with Omnipotence,  
And crowns himself Faith's Champion and Defence ;  
Whilst each descendant equal power obtains,  
And o'er the church as Head, successive reigns.

Our Sires disdain'd, to bow th' adoring knee  
Before the Dagon of impiety ;  
Nobly asserted Nature's pristine laws,  
Maintain'd inflexibly Religion's cause ;  
Bold for the Truth, before the Tyrant stood,  
Ready to seal it, with a Martyr's blood.

Then Persecution through Britannia rag'd,  
And war eternal against Virtue wag'd ;  
The sacred rights of conscience set at nought,  
And with the fury of a daemon fraught,  
Relentless, rais'd aloft her iron hand,  
(To crush the indefatigable band.

But HEAV'N decreed, that from this source should rise,  
A mighty Empire, boundless as the skies.  
Bad ocean take his sons with ills oppress'd,  
And bare them safely on her watery breast,  
From the dread terrors of despotic sway,  
To where more genial climes reflect the day.  
Thus with each noble sentiment inspir'd,  
From Albion's realm, our Ancestors retir'd ;  
Where, though Oppression stifled Freedom's blaze,  
And Vice envelop'd Virtue's milder rays,  
Yet as the Sun, the source of heat and light,  
By clouds when intercepted from our sight,  
Still in his radiant majesty appears,  
Dispensing beauty on the sister spheres,  
So those refulgent LIGHTS, there clouded o'er,  
Beam'd in mild glory on this western shore ;  
Where our Progenitors, exalted band,  
Found an Asylum from a Despot's hand.  
Through aid DIVINE they brav'd the dang'rous deep,  
HEAV'N rul'd the storm, and bade the billows sleep.  
Thus the ALMIGHTY, led his chosen host  
From Egypt's land, to Canaan's fertile coast,  
Parted the tide his suff'ring sons to save,  
And bury'd Pharaoh in th' o'erwhelming wave.

### EPITAPH.—FROM THE GREEK.

My name—my country—what are they to thee ?  
What—whether base or proud, my pedigree ?  
Perhaps I far surpass thee—other men—  
Perhaps I fell below them all—what then ?  
Nay, stranger, that thou seest a tomb—  
Thou know'st its use—it hides—no matter where.

No one who has a taste and fondness for the sweetly flowing strains of poetry, can read the following lines from the celebrated COWPER, (who moralizes so touchingly, with so much force, simplicity, and beauty) without the finest emotions of a sadly pleasing delight.

## The Poplar Field.

THE poplars are fell'd, and adieu to the shade,  
And the whispering sound of the eoe. colonade ;  
The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,  
Nor OUSE\* on his bosom their image receives.  
Twelve years have elaps'd since I last took a view  
Of my favorite trees and the bank where they grew ;  
And now in the grass behold they are laid,  
And the tree is my seat that once lent me shade.  
The blackbird has fled to another retreat,  
Where the hazles afford him a screen from the heat,  
And the scene where his melody charm'd me before,  
Resounds with his sweet flowing ditty no more.  
My fugitive years are all hasting away,  
And I must ere long, lie as lowly as they,  
With a turf on my breast, and a stone at my head,  
Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.  
The change both my heart and my fancy employs,  
I reflect on the frailty of man and his joys ;  
Short liv'd as we are, yet our pleasures we see,  
Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.

\* A river in the neighbourhood of the poet.

## ANECDOTE OF ADDISON.

Mr. Temple Stanyan, says Dr. Birch, on some exigency, borrowed a sum of money from Addison with whom he lived on terms of intimacy and friendship, conversing on all subjects with freedom, but from this time he agreed implicitly to every thing Addison advanced, and never, as formerly, disputed his positions. This change of behaviour did not long escape the notice of so acute an observer, to whom it was by no means agreeable. It happened one day that a subject was started on which they had before controverted one another's notions ; but now Mr. Stanyan entirely acquiesced in Mr. Addison's opinion, without offering one word in defence of his own. Addison was displeased, and vented his displeasure by saying, with some emotion, " Sir, either contradict me, or pay me my money.

A certain General, more famous for his love of money than religion, was taken dangerously sick : during his confinement, he was informed that a person who owed him a considerable sum had absconded ; this information threw him into a violent passion ; and although apparently about to leave the world, it did not restrain him from dealing out curses on his runaway debtor. In the height of his rage, a friend entered—and seeing him in such a rage, enquired the cause. Why, said he, my estate is ruined—he has run off, and gone to h—ll I suppose and owes me an hundred dollars, of which I shall never get a farthing. Be not uneasy on that account, said the other, you will probably soon have an opportunity to dun him there.

SCRAP.—Nature gives merit, and f— it sets it to work.

## Lottery Now Drawing.

DIXVILLE ROAD LOTTERY, 2d class, commenced drawing in Boston last Tuesday—A few Tickets and Quarters are still for sale the fortunate Lottery Office of CHARLES TAPPAN, Market-street—The highest prize is Ten Thousand Dollars, and no deduction.  
January 28, 1809.

## Books & Stationary.

HASTINGS, ETHERIDGE, & BLISS,  
Booksellers & Stationers,

No. 8, State-Street, near the Exchange Coffee-House ;  
BOSTON.

KEEP constantly for sale, a general assortment of Books in the various Departments of Literature, which they offer for sale on as liberal Terms as can be had in Boston. Bibles from 5s.3d. to 20 dol. is Watts's Psalms and Hymns of various editions ; Testaments, Psalters, and School Books of every description. Blank Account Books of various qualities, sizes and prices : Also, a general assortment of Printing, Writing and letter paper of various qualities : Quills, Ink-Powder, Ink, Ink-Stands, Sand Boxes, Black and Red Pencils ; Slates and Slate Pencils : Playing, Message, and Compliment Cards, Penknives, Scissors, Razors, and Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes and Soap ; Portable Writing Desks ; Cigars, wholesale, and retail, with a great variety of other articles, too numerous to be particularised.

Said H. E. & B. have impressed the following valuable publications. The Miscellaneous Classics, comprising the entire Works of Pope, Swift, Smollet, Addison, Goldsmith, Johnson, Sterne, and Fielding. Also, the Columbian Orthographer ; or, Maine Spelling Book, by James Pike. Watts's Psalms and Hymns in miniature ; likewise, Rollins's Ancient History of the Egyptians, Carthaginians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Medes and Persians, Macedonians and Grecians.—Just published, Doddridge's Family Expositor, vol. octavo. It is contemplated by the Publishers to republish all the Works of this celebrated Writer.

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PRINTING and BOOKBINDING executed in the neatest manner.

## ALMANACK.

SEWALL's Almanack for sale at this Office, for the year

1809,

By the groce, dozen, or single.

## TERMS OF THE MIRROR.

Two dollars per annum, exclusive of postage. To subscribers at a distance one half in advance will be expected. One column will be devoted to advertisements. All communications addressed to the Editor of the Mirror are requested to be post paid or they will not meet with attention.

